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BOOK TWO: BIANCA'S REVENGE!

Vampyre's Kiss

ADULT HORROR by BARRY BLAIR

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VAMPYRE'S KISS

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All characters engaged in sexual activity in this publication are 18 years of age or older.
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Scott Rosenberg/President. Chris Ulm/Vice-President. Dave Olbrich/Treasurer. Tom Mason/Secretary. Christine Hau/Controller.
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THE SKY OVERHEAD LOOMS AS IF A GREAT SHEET OF GREY STEEL ENVELOPES THE WORLD. A THOUSAND MILES OF EMPTINESS WAITING FOR THE RAIN, WRAPPED IN ANTICIPATION ...A LONGING THAT WOULD NEVER BE FULFILLED.

BJORN LASTRAD STOOD ALONE IN THE CROWD OF TOMBSTONES, ENVELOPED IN HIS THOUGHTS.

BEFORE HIM LIES THE GRAVE OF HIS ONLY FRIEND, FATHER MICHAEL, FORMER ALLY IN HIS WAR.

A LONESOME BREEZE PULLS AT THE STRANDS OF STRAY HAIR, AND HE IS REMINDED OF HOW FRAIL LIFE REALLY IS.

THE FUNERAL WAS BRIEF ONLY THE PRIEST AND BJORN HAD ATTENDED. FATHER MICHAEL HAD FEW FRIENDS.

HE WAS...ECCENTRIC.

NO ONE HAD BELIEVED HIS SUSPICIONS OF AN EVIL FORCE MANIFESTING ITSELF IN THE FORM OF A WOMAN...

A VAMPIRE.

A "DARK ONE" WHO STALKS THE LAND, WREAKING TERROR, LEAVING DEATH, FEEDING ON THE SOULS OF THE WEAK.

ONLY BJORN HAD UNDERSTOOD. HE SOUGHT THE FATHER OUT - A KINDRED SPIRIT. HE KNEW WHAT THE VAMPIRE WAS CAPABLE OF...

THIS IS HER DOING. YOU'RE DEAD! DEAD!!

HELLO, BJORN. DID YOU MISS ME?

OH NOW, BJORN. DON'T BE SO MORBID.

NOW CHEER UP, LAD. I'VE COME BACK TO BE WITH YOU.

IT'S ME, BJORN, YOUR OLD FRIEND COME BACK FOR YOU.

PULSE BEATS LIKE HAMMER BLOWS INSIDE THE TEMPLES OF BJORN'S HEAD

AS PANIC RISES INSIDE HIM.

JUST GIVE US A TASTE OF YOUR FLESH.

NO!

AT LAST, THE RELEASE ...LIKE A CORK POPPING FROM THE NECK OF A BOTTLE! THE BLESSED ADRENALINE RUSH.

YOU ARE DEAD!

MUSCLES BULGE. SINEWS STRETCH. YEARS OF TRAINING COMES TO THE FORE.

BJORN, THE VAMPIRE STALKER.

BJORN, THE DESTROYER.

KRAK

ALONE.

TIME PASSED. BJORN WALKED.
IT MAY HAVE RAINED. IT WAS COLD
...IT WAS ALWAYS COLD.

NIGHT CAME.

IN HIS ROOM HE LAY
IN THE DARKNESS,
LETTING IT SURROUND
HIM LIKE A SOOTHING
BLANKET AGAINST THE
SHARPNESS OF REALITY.

IT WAS A WHILE BEFORE
HE REALIZED HE WAS ASLEEP.

CAN YOU REALLY
KNOW YOU'RE ASLEEP?

IF I WANT
YOU TO, SLEEPY-
HEAD.

BJORN KNOWS THAT SOMEWHERE IN A SMALL HOTEL ROOM HIS BODY IS LAYING UPON SOAKED SHEETS.

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO DIE IN YOUR SLEEP, HUNTER?

I'LL FIND YOU, VAMPIRE, AND I'LL WRING YOUR NECK.

BUT I'M HERE NOW, BJORN.. IN YOUR DREAM, CONTROLLING IT...

...CONTROLLING YOU.

OOOOH... I'LL BET THAT HURTS.

YOU! DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, MORTAL? TO ME, YOU'RE A JOKE.

I LET YOU LIVE BECAUSE IT AMUSES ME...

...HAVING YOU RUNNING ALL OVER LOOKING FOR ME, AND TO DO WHAT...?

...KILL ME? DON'T BE SO PATHETIC.

AND DON'T EVER CEASE TO AMUSE ME.

REALITY BURSTS FORTH WITH THE FORCE OF REALIZATION

SHE IS TRYING WITH ME TAUNTING ME

SHE HAD ME COULD'VE FINISHED ME

WELL, BITCH THE HUNT IS ON

THOUSANDS OF CARS CROSS THE BRIDGE EVERY DAY. THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE RIDING TO WORK. EACH ONE, AT A CERTAIN POINT IN THE SPAN, FEELS A SLIGHT TINGLE IN HIS STOMACH, A CHILL IN HIS HEART.

A PRESENCE

AN EVIL

THE VAMPIRE.

YES, MY DEAR, I WAS JUST VISITING

BIANCA, ARE YOU AWAKE?

THE HUMAN AGAIN?

THE HUMAN

A DANGEROUS GAME, MISTRESS YOU LAUGH BUT THE HUMAN IS NO CHILD

OH I KNOW BUT I'M SO BORED. SUCH IS THE FATE OF BEING IMMORTAL

BUT STILL TO TEMPT FATE

OH BE STILL CATAMITE DO YOU THINK ME AN IDIOT?

I'M A VAMPIRE AND A POWERFUL ONE I CREATED YOU TWO FOR MY PLEASURE AND ELVIS AND FRICK FOR MY PROTECTION

I M THE LEADER I BRING US PLEASURE IT IS ME ALL ME REMEMBER THAT!

DID YOU CALL, BIANCA?

ARE YOU HUNGRY, HI...?

THEN LET'S GO OUT FOR SNACK

IT DEPENDS FOR WHAT?

THE NIGHT... FOR CENTURIES A TIME OF MYSTERY, OF FEAR FOR MORTALS. MEN HAVE TIRED TO CONQUER ITS POWER SINCE THE EARLY CAVEMEN SAT CROUCHED AROUND A FIRE...

PEERING NERVOUSLY INTO THE DARK. SUPERSTITIONS GREW WITH THE AGES, DARK FORCES ALLY WITH THE NIGHT ...USING ITS BLACKNESS...REVELING IN IT!

BJORN STANDS IN THE MIDST OF THE HAUNTED EVE, LETTING HIS SENSES REACH OUT, PROBING FOR THAT ONE TELLTALE CLUE.

A TRACE OF HER.

HI

DIE YOU!!

OH PLEASE PLEASE DON'T KILL ME PLEASE

WHO ARE YOU?

I I JUST THOUGHT YOU AND ME IF YOU HAD THE MONEY

I M SORRY

SVEN AND MARK HAVE HAD A ROUGH DAY NOTHING HAD GONE RIGHT. THE FAX MACHINE HAD BROKEN DOWN, AND THE MAC HAD CRASHED AND THEY HADN'T STORED A THING. THE COFFEE IN THE MACHINE WAS OLD THE BANK MACHINE ATE THEIR CARDS. THINGS COULDN'T GET WORSE.

HUMANS!

AND NOW WHAT?

A WORD WITH YOU

AYE YI YI YI' HUBBA HUBBA

CATHERINE WOLILD HAVE MY LEFT NUT JUST FOR LOOKING AT THIS BABE

I NEED SOMETHING

LIKE WHAT?

EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT

THE NIGHT HAS GONE QUIET.
THE HOUR HAS COME
THE MULTITUDE IS ASLEEP

THE HORNS AND SIRENS ARE STILLED,
THE ECHOES HAVE DIED,
THE BREATHING OF THE HOMELESS STEADY.
THE CITY SLUMBERS.

BJORN HAS BECOME A SMALL SPECK OF SELF, DRIFTING THROUGH THE BLACK, SEARCHING FOR ANOTHER. THE EVIL...HIS OPPOSITE

A SLIGHT NOISE
IN THE RESOUNDING
SILENCE

HE'S THE ONE, MARK! KILL HIM! KILL HIM FOR BIANCA!

WHAT A FOX

SHE'S SO KEEN!

SHE'S ALL I EVER WANTED IN LIFE

LET'S KILL THIS SHMUCK AND GET BACK TO HER

HEY, SVEN, IS THAT A KNIFE?
YEP!
WHY YOU! ROTTEN HE WAS. AN ALRIGHT TYPE

SHE SAID TO KILL YOU IT'LL MAKE HER EXTREMELY HAPPY SO HOLD STILL

I'VE GOT PLACES TO GO, IMPORTANT PEOPLE TO MEET

BUT, FIRST I'VE GOT TO TAKE TIME OUT OF MY BUSY SCHEDULE TO CAVE YOUR STINKIN HEAD IN

DAVE DURANGO
IS A LEGEND IN HIS OWN MIND.
A SELF-MADE MAN...
A SMALL BUSINESS, A FAMILY,
A BMW, AND AS MANY FRIENDS
AS CAN STOMACH TO BE WITH HIM.

THE DAY HAD GONE WELL FOR DAVE.
HE'S MANAGED TO CONVINCE
SEVERAL PEOPLE THAT HE WAS
IMPORTANT, EVEN THOUGH ONE
HAD COST HIM A LOT FOR LUNCH.
HE'D EVEN MANAGED TO MAKE
LIFE A LITTLE BIT MORE
MISERABLE FOR HIS ENEMIES

DAVE WAS PROUD TO BE A PRICK.

THE VAMPIRE SMILES
AS SHE WATCHES HIM.
A SPRING IN HIS STEP
...SO SURE, SO CONFIDENT.

A TOTAL ASS

HELL SUPER

OH YEAH RAT !!

MORON CAN T YOU SHUT UP WHILE YOU ARE AHEAD !

I LL SOON SHUT YOU UP

DAVE'S HEART POUNDS OUT A STACCATO RHYTHM AS HIS PULSE RAPIDLY QUICKENS AT THE CLOSENESS OF THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE ON HIS ARM. HOW HE HOPES HIS FRIENDS WILL SEE HIM WITH HER!

SAY... THAT REALLY HURT.

OOP

"THE GIRL MUST BE SO VERY IMPRESSED WITH ME," DAVE THOUGHT. HAD SHE NOT OFFERED HERSELF TO HIM WITH SUCH URGENCY AND IN A BACK ALLEY, OF ALL PLACES! THE BITCH MUST BE DESPERATE! DAVE'S DRIVEN HER TO DISTRACTION.

HE FEELS HER PRESENCE INSIDE HIS MIND. A VERY HUNGRY THING. AN EXCITING THING. HOW WONDERFUL SHE WILL THINK HE IS, ONCE SHE IS CONQUERED.

ANOTHER NOTCH ON THE HEADBOARD.

THE HUNGRY THING IN HIS MIND IS A LOT BIGGER AND HUNGRIER THAN HE THOUGHT. DAVE IS AWARE OF THE SWEAT TRICKLING DOWN HIS FACE.

SUFFER, BITCH!!

FUNNY HOW WEAK HE FEELS ALL OF A SUDDEN. SHE MUST BE READY TO DROP!

WHEN HE'S DONE HE'LL TOSS HER ON THE SCRAP HEAP WITH ALL THE OTHER WOMEN HE'S RUINED.

A SUDDEN PAIN! RIPPING! ALL CONSUMING! IT'S NEVER BEEN LIKE THIS BEFORE! HOW WILL HE EVER GET HIS HAT BACK ON?!?

YOU KILLED HIM BEFORE I COULD DRAIN THE FOOL.

WAIT 'TIL YOU SEE WHAT I'M GOING TO DO TO YOU.

NO MORE GAMES!
NO MORE AMUSEMENTS!
NO MORE DREAMS!
HUNTER, YOU'VE
RUN OUT OF
LUCK!